

Two to Rule and Destroy

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Summary: After the death of her mother things were not the same for Chara. As her family tries to grieve the appearance of an unexpected force changes everything she knew.

1. Chapter 1

Hi this is a new story I am writing this was actually started in February but I didn't decide to upload any of it till now. I promise you the following chapters will not be this short. I don't like prologues that are really long, to me they are just supposed to be sneak peaks of what the story will be like. This story is rated M for violent themes and the promise of a few love scenes but that's about it. I hope you enjoy.

* * *

><p>Moving through the ruins he slunk undetected; his dark cloak gliding around him. He arrived at the barrier the faint light of the moon shone giving way to the sunrise. He ascended from the pit and into the dark damp cave. He pulled his hood over his now flesh colored skeletal face and retrieved a walking stick from beneath his cloak. Hunched over he walked down the mountain slowly at the pace of an old woman.</p>

It was necessary to don his disguise in the event that he run into other humans on the way. He knew the land and the forest well as he had always taken a painstaking long time to detail and discover everything. Today he only had to do one thing and achieving this goal was crucial to his future plans.

He walked into the clearing and saw a pitiful stone shack in the middle with one cracked window and it stood tilted to the left as if some powerful wind had bore down upon it. The cloaked figure now stood up straight and practically glided across the clearing almost as if he were ethereal.

He entered the shack silently and stared down at the family below him. An older man was on the floor, his hair was shaggy and unkempt. Next to him on a cot was a young girl and a young man sleeping soundly together. The dark stranger bent over the sleeping man, he took a sack from within his cloak and poured a white powder onto his gloved palm. He raised his hand in the direction of the sleeping man and blew softly; the opalescent powder settled and then melted into his face. His goal having been achieved W.D Gastor stood up and stepped into the doorway, he took one last glance to the girl sleeping soundly.

She opened her eyes sleepily as if she knew she was being watched and locked gazes with him. She blinked slowly and he smiled at her. She frowned and rubbed her eyes not believing what she saw but when she looked up again he was gone. Meanwhile Gastor made his way back to the mountain, his face as still as the night beforehand.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter One

The year is 1978...

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><p>A whip cracked down over a hunched back causing blood to splatter across the raised wooden platform. A young man, tied to a post shuddered and gasped in pain as his skin open up in thin line over his shoulder blades. The blood dotted then dripped down to his lower back meeting more torn flesh. Another man, an older man with a wiry and patchy beard that was mostly gray stood over the younger breath fogged in the frigid air and smelt like cheap vodka and vomit. A toxic combination that sent even pigs running. His oily unwashed hair hung in clumps and stringy vines around his face.</p>

"I think we have learned our lesson haven't we boy?", the older man sneered as the younger dangled slightly on his shins having fainted from the man walked off the platform and headed towards a small wind shaken cottage that sat in the distance.

A small head popped out and dark eyes surveyed the cottage judging whether it was safe enough to walk out. Slowly a small figure stepped out and behind her she dragged a large mat that was woven out of corn husks. She made her way over to the young man pulling up the mat with her and laid it down beside him. She kneeled next to him and moved her head so that she was between his bound arms; his head shifted behind her neck and she could feel his shallow breathing. Now observing his hands which were tied with a rope so tight his hands were a ghastly shade of white. She then took a knife from her pocket and started to cut his bindings, sawing through every fiber watching it pull apart as she worked.

A crash came from the house and she desperately tried to cut faster until finally he was free from the pole. However with nothing to hold him up his unconscious body slumped against the little girl, his sudden weight knocked the breath out of her causing them to collapse to the sticky woody platform. Her small body was completely hidden under his larger one as she waited a few seconds to make sure she was

safe to move. Her palms slid against the cold dark blood that had started to coagulate on the wooden surface creating a slimy texture with the wood and she pulled herself out from underneath out she sighed in relief as she realized they had fell halfway onto the husk mat. Looking back up at the cottage she sat and listened to make sure no sound or movement came so it was safe to continue.

Moving silently she grasped ahold of his torso and pulled him onto the mat, then she secured him with straps careful not to touch his open flesh, she then did the same with his legs until she was sure he would not fall off the mat. Moving off the wooden platform she stood in front of the stairs reached over and dragged the man closer. The little girl did not want to jostle the man's wounds by dragging the man down the stairs but as another crash came from the cottage, she knew she would have no choice as she would have to work swiftly. She grasped the edge of the mat where his head lay and pulled up, slowly moving him over the steps. Puffing air into her cheeks her faced turned red as she began to drag him back while the young man was not portly or too overly muscular he was still very heavy for the young to even simply drag and she heaved large gulps of air when she finally set him down.

She stiffened as a light shined from the cottage onto the clearing through its only window and it was only then did she notice how dark it had gotten. She scanned the sky, the horizon faded from a deep purple and orange and was beginning to be overtaken by the obsidian night. She hurriedly pulled the young man towards the forest opposite of the cottage and only stopped to rest when she reached the edge. Looking back to the window she froze as the old man's face appeared in the window and stood still. His haunted and gaunt face shone with anger. If it weren't for the blank look in his eyes she would have thought he was looking straight at her. He moved out of sight and the door flung open smashing against the stone wall cracking and splintering the wood from the unnecessary force. The man moved slowly and sluggishly stepped out, his hand to an axe that grated eerily on the stone path much so that it made her hair stand on end. The man seemed to not notice the two at the edge of the forest as he walked to the wooden platform. He stared at it for quite some time and then he swung the axe over his head into the platform over and over again sending wooden chunks everywhere. Chara looked at her father in a mix of fear and pity knowing that he would never be what they used to. She then bent down and pulled her older brother into the safety of the trees all the while still listening to the thuacks of insanity lessen as she moved on.

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><p>Once Chara got further into the forest sure that their father wouldn't follow them. She dragged her brother to a nearby pond where a mule was tied to a tree waiting for her. Digging into the pack attached to the mule she grabbed some rubbing alcohol and some bandages. She knelt down next to her brother and set to cleaning his wounds but as she started to pat the alcohol on him he flinched and groaned.</p>

"It stings".

"Terry", she looked down at him in concern, "I'm taking you to the sanctuary, it will alright", she told him as he once again lost consciousness. Chara fixed herself with a look of determination and

finished patching up her brother as best she could and hoping he wouldn't get an infection. Placing the supplies in the pack she led the mule to her brother and attached the mat to the mule's saddle. Once secured she guided them further into the forest to sanctuary.

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><p>Chara and her brother still unconscious on the mat came to a gargantuan willow tree. The branches were long and the leaves so plentiful that you could not see through or behind the branches. She stilled the mule asking her to stay still and then she disappeared into the willow. Seconds later the branches parted drifting from each other to form one large opening. Chara came and lead the mule and her brother to their new home letting the thick lush branches fall closed behind them enveloping them in darkness, safe from even the moon's light.</p>

Tying the mule to a post Chara checked on her brother's condition to see what needed to be done. She felt the bandages that were now slightly damp from the blood and pulled them back gently to observe if any dirt or debris from the travel had trapped itself in his wounds but as far as she could see they were still clean. Pleased with this information she turned and made her way to the treehouse that rested up high in the willow. It was dark but Chara knew how to navigate her home and tugged on a rope that ,with the help of a pulley system, brought a sturdy wooden platform down from higher in the tree.

When it was down she unfastened the straps from the saddle and pulled her brother onto the platform; then felt around the tall trunk for a ladder. She climbed about fifteen feet up until she finally came upon the treehouse which her brother and her had been working on ever since their father started to change. They were only supposed to be here in this country for a week so they could grieve the loss of her mother in peace with each other but something happened to their father that changed him. He grew restless and angry snapping at the both of them for every little thing. When he hit Chara for the first time her brother worked on a way to get her away from their father. So he built a sanctuary that was hidden away from everything. It wasn't very big but it was perfect for just the two of them to outlive their father.

Once she was up on the ledge of the treehouse she moved to a set of ropes and began to pull her brother up. Huffing in exhaustion she felt an immense amount of relief when she saw her brother within touching distance and she gave one last pull in order to make him level with the rest of the house. Dead on her feet she dragged him to the center of the house and began to gently remove his bandages. She grabbed a salve from the only table they had and began to spread it all over his back careful not to press to hard. To her amazement the wounds and slashes started to heal almost as if his skin just started to stitch itself together and meld together leaving only thin white scars. You would have never thought that just hours before his entire back was almost completely shredded. She would have to thank the grannie that gave her the medicine she reminded herself as she laid down next to her brother and closed her eyes.

* * *

><p>A blinding white light shone through her eyelids waking Chara

from her sleep and at the same time blinding her. She sat up and rubbed her crusty eyes still quite heavy with sleep. It was hot, almost unbearably so, her shirt stuck to her body and was damp with sweat. Her tongue was dry and felt like it weighed a hundred pounds. She tried to swallow and bring moisture into her mouth but only ended up dry heaving and coughing up solid and gooey chunks of phlegm. A cup of water was pressed into her hand and she looked up to her brother in surprise. She nodded in thanks to him as she quickly guzzled down the water and wiped away the droplets that didn't make it into her mouth. Handing the empty cup back to him she gestured to his back<p>

"Are you sore, should I check your bandages?".

He turned his head over his shoulder slightly as if he could see his wounds and looked back to her, his warm eyes sparkling with confusion as he rolled his shoulders forwards and back.

"I don't have any bandages on but I am pretty sore, however, " he said fixing himself in the manliest pose he could and flexing his muscles," that's nothing a strong man like me can't handle". Chara frowned at him and crawled around him to see his back. What did he mean? No bandages? But she saw nothing but smooth tan skin. Nothing that would make you think that he was just beaten profusely the night before. Then Chara remembered the miracle salve she used on him.

"Dad got in a few good hits but it's nothing serious" her brother said after a moment" did he leave any bruises?". He really had no idea what marks their father left on him last night but Chara decided that they didn't need to dwell on it.

"Yeah, he left some bruises but I put some of the medicine that Nani gave me the other day" she told him carefully choosing her words.

"Well tell her i said thank you", he grunted out as he stood up, stretched his shoulders and popped his back.

"I'm visiting her today if you want to come with me, then you could tell her yourself"

"Nah she kinda of gives me the creeps" he moved to a duffle in the corner and pulled out a shirt," besides I need to go visit maddie and her family". Slipping it on he moved to give Chara a kiss on the head and then made for the ladder. She moved to looked over the edge as he made his way down and he called to her one last time before he left the willow.

"I will see you at sundown okay behave and be safe", he gestured with his arms to the land around him,"and cover your tracks". Chara nodded to him in return and made her way down the tree to a small fenced garden below. She took the time to weed and properly care for her what she referred to as her baby. It was mostly vegetables so they could make simple stews but there was a section reserved for her wildflowers. There were poppies, moonflowers and her favorite, the Goldenstar. She adored them as they were a present from her brother's girlfriend, Maddie, whom she adored and loved as if she were her own sister. She was a tall beautiful woman with a kind disposition and golden hair with beautiful grey eyes that looked like the sky when a

storm approaches. Maddie and her family had been working to help their situation by going to the police and the centers of humane justice but no one in this town or county could helpâ€¦ or care. So Terry moved Chara deep into the forest away from her father so that he couldn't hurt her. Terry still had to visit him though just to make sure he didn't send anyone after his runaway kids. It's not the first time he had beaten Terry but that last night was the first time he could have seriously crippled him.

Chara let her hands rest in the cool dirt and she wished for her mother to come back and fix everything but you just can't bring people back from the dead.

* * *

><p>Two months Later

Three miles from the willow and six miles from that small sad cottage lived an old woman named Nani. Nani had taught Chara how to live off the land and live well. Terry would usually call her 'grannie' much to the old woman's chagrin as she thought she was as young as a spring chicken. In reality she was probably the oldest thing to have ever lived. Her face, arms , and legs were covered all the time in a transparent black cloth. Nani's eyes were completely consumed by cataracts but you could still feel her staring into her soul. Her hands was the only thing that was left uncovered and they were strange hands indeed. They were very boney, as if the skin and bone had melded together and was just flesh colored bone. Many called her a witch but Chara knew she was just smart and independent. In fact the only reason she acted strangely, Chara was sure, was because of her strange facial had two, one ran from below her left eye to the corner of her mouth and the other ran from the top of her right eye to her temple. Chara simply thought this just made Nani that much cooler.

Chara often sat and weeded the large garden that Nani had while she told the younger girl stories and legends of different and distant lands far away. Today though as Chara sat Nani told her a very different story.

"Young Chara", Nani called to her in that gravelly voice that all old women seemed to have when they are as old as time."I don't think i have told you the story of Monsters and Man" Nani rocked in her chair, " Have I?".

Chara who was sitting on the steps of the porch sunning herself in the cool heat turned to the old woman and smiled.

"No you haven't"

"Well, once upon a time Monsters and Men lived together in peace on the surface world of the earth." Nani leaned down" but tensions rose between the two species and there was a civil war. There was blood spilt on both sides but Man was stronger than the Monsters and so the Monsters were almost extinct with so few left to survive. The king made the choice to end the war."

What happened to them Chara asked the older woman

"They were left to rule the underlands beneath the earth, never again

to see the surface world but they say that there are still open barriers around the world," she said nodding her head and spreading her arms out," Some say that there is an open barrier in these very woods, in that Mountain" she finished pointing at the mountain that resided next to the forest.

"Some have reported seeing them wander these forest in the middle of the night" Nani's voice took a deeper tone that frightened her chilling her to the bone.

Chara looked up at the fearsome Mt. Ebott, it was really a monstrous thing to behold as it loomed down at the two of them from its expansive height. She could feel the goosebumps rise on her arms staring at that eerie mountain.

"But that's not true right", Chara stuttered, "that's not true".

"Don't fret child, it is only a legend and an old wives tale", she leaned back in her rocking chair, "that mountain is dangerous only because of the steep ledges and wild animals that are there, one could seriously hurt themselves trying to climb it".

Starting to rock" truthfully my dear", she continued "my father was not the nicest person either so some days I ran away up that very mountain." she said with a ghost of a smile on her face. Chara turned back to the surrounding forest feeling somewhat relieved with this news.

"There is a cave up there, a sanctuary if you will", Chara tilted her head trying not to let the old women know how close attention she was paying to her,"a cave of sorts that is very bountiful, you could survive for months there." Chara stood up, thanked Nani for her time and rushed home. She did not see the slow evil smile that played on the older woman's face before she left.

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><p>Days passed by after that conversation with the old woman and Chara found herself gazing at the mountain more and more each day. It would only be a few more weeks till Terry turned eighteen and then they could truly escape this place. They had only recently found out that Maddie was expecting a child so she would be coming with them. Chara couldn't wait for that new life to start but she wanted to make sure that it was a definite possibility and so she turned to the mountain. She wanted to move there so that there would be no chance of their father finding them before they could leave.</p>

Maybe, just maybe if the old woman was telling the truth the three of them could disappear for a long time. Enough time may pass till Terrance was eighteen and if they were lucky then their father could bite the dust before then. Stepping on a twig Chara looked at her surroundings and knew something was very wrong. The area felt trampled unlike when Terry and herself moved through the forest with the natural flow in order to better hide themselves. Seeing a destructive pattern heading towards the willow and the faint smell of vomit and alcohol in the air a sense of dread shot through her body and she hurried to the willow.

Not watching her step she tripped over an empty vodka bottle,

scrapping her forearms on the roots and sticks below. Ignoring the stinging pain and thin pieces of skin now peeling away from her arms she picked up the bottle, sniffed it and cringed violently. Fighting to get up and wiping at her blurry vision Chara began to run to her home and snuck under the branches into the willow. There her father stood over her brother, blood covered his arms chest legs and face. His eyes were blank and he seemed to stare at nothing; lost in his alcohol induced worlds.

Chara stood straight refusing to look at her fallen brother but knowing that she needed to see what this monster had done to the only part of her family that was there for her. Her eyes slid to her brothers which held hers in a dead gaze, blood splattered his face. His chest was wide open, ribs cracked, broken and lost among his organs that spilled onto the garden under him.

The axe. Chara thought. That stupid axe. It was thrown in his chest cavity haphazardly, tossed as if it were a mere pair of shoes that you kick off at the end of the day. As if wasn't just lying there in her big brothers chest. She wanted to run to terry and simply hold him wanting desperately to grieve as her heart broke into pieces. But she was scared of the man that used her father and knew that if she made a move towards her brother, her father would most certainly kill her.

The decision was made for her when barking sounds and shouting were heard in the distance startling her and breaking her father out of his thoughts. She looked up at him and froze in absolute horror as his hulking body was turned towards chara and when his eyes narrowed in a murderous gaze her blood turned icy with fear. Her heart beat uncontrollably, her racing blood roared in her ears, her chest heaved up and down trying to drag air into her lungs but yet she still couldn't breathe. Chara's head felt heavy as if it swelled with tons of pressure pressing against her brain. Her father reached back for the axe sitting in her brother and grasping it with ease he lifted it dragging her brothers small intestine out as it had stuck to the blade of the axe. The intestine stretched and then released with a wet "schwick" sound and fell to meet the other organs below.

Chara shot off like a bullet knowing there was only one place to go.
Mt. Ebott.

Dark thunderous steps and grunts informed Chara of her father's nearness. Her chest burned as she drove harder into the forest in serpentine like movements trying to lose him. She reached to the edge of Mt Ebott quickly scouring the rocks; she could see the cave opening in sight. A light rain turned into a downpour as the fading adrenaline weighed her down making the climb seem almost impossible. It was now nighttime and only a sliver of moon shone for everyone to see. She hurt all over from the scrapes on her forearms to the soreness in her legs. She knew though that she was not yet free. Chara had to get to the cave. It was her only hope now.

Sliding against the small rocks and mud in her way chara could see tracks on the path as if someone had walked here recently filling her head with suspicion. THWACK. She stiffened and turned to see her father scaling the mountain with the help of that cursed axe. Lightning flashed across the sky and Chara could see the shadows of his menacing face. Lightning flashed once more and she could see it.

The cave that Nani told her about and it's opening like a great beast that Chara often saw in her nightmares stood several feet above her. The fear of being on the receiving end of that axe propelled her to skip the path and to scale the ledge leading to the entrance. She could feel blister form on her palms and the jagged rocks slice into her hands, as she forced herself up. Finally feeling the flat surface of the ledge she swung her leg over and began to push herself up but something wrapped along her leg and jerked down, dragging her body and causing her to lose traction and slip a few feet.

Looking back she saw her father, his greasy hair plastered to his face by the rain, his hand reaching up tightly grasping her ankle. She struggled for purchase in the mud so she could drag herself back up but as she continued to slip further down; she knew it was the end. Then Nani was there grabbing her by the shoulders and lifting her but still, her father would not let go.

Chara looked back one more time and kicked her father across the side of his face. His grip was lost on both the rocks and his daughter and her started to wildly grab for support. As he fell Chara watched with a smile as he was embedded by his own axe. A happy, pleasant, and free feeling passed through Chara as she watched the axe burst through his chest and it seemed like time stopped as the light left his eyes and the pool of blood around him grew wider. She turned her eyes away from him for the last time and gave the woman who saved her life a grateful look even though she knew Nani couldn't see it. Now with the both of them covered in mud and completely drenched Chara felt concern for the older woman.

"Nani we need to get you out of the rain, you'll get very sick." Chara pleaded to the cloaked woman. Nani turned her head to the little girl and Chara saw the sunken in face of her companion through the transparent cloth.

"I'm already very sick my child" she responded in her gravelly voice and pushed Chara towards the cave. It was almost completely pitch black but the moonlight shone through the entrance revealing a large pit in the middle of the cave. There was nothing. No treasures or goods or safe warmth. Nothing she edged towards the pit her foot accidentally pushing a small stone into the pit. She waited for a resounding clang. But none came. Despair filled Chara and she wrapped her arms around herself, tears streamed down her face and her chest was heavy as she sobbed loudly into the air. She was alone. A tall shadow raised itself over char and she called out shakily.

"Nani?"

The figure harshly pushed the young girl into the pit. Chara gasped feeling the wind push past her not seeing the ground that was quickly approaching her. She landed, her head making a sickening crack on the floor, her blood pooled around her as she closed her eyes.

End
file.